

## A Change for the Better

by fooboo24

Category: Haikyu/ãf•ã,ãã,-ãf¥ãf¼

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Shoyo H., Tobio K.

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-05-29 01:23:29

Updated: 2014-05-29 01:23:29

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:55:10

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,856

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: He had to do it now; he had to let him know. Because if he didn't do it now, he wasn't sure he'd ever be able to confront him again. KageHina, Kageyama Tobio/Hinata Shouyou.

## A Change for the Better

**\*\*Haikyuu has consumed me and I blame no one but myself.\*\***

~P~

A Change for the Better

~P~

The thought of what to get to Kageyama for Christmas - and his birthday - didn't bother Hinata up until he realized he had absolutely no clue what the other boy might actually want and that he had an increasingly shortening time limit to procure that particular something or else€|

Hinata had spent the previous weeks focusing more on Kageyama's potential reaction rather than just what would be the object to spark it. He spent his classes thinking about how happy Kageyama would be to receive the grand would-be gift, his lunches brainstorming about how he would respond to Kageyama's imagined joy, and during practice had gotten a ball directly to the face more than once because he couldn't help his mind wandering to the setter.

He was utterly infatuated, his heart knew, and his brain had long since stopped resisting.

But, honestly, to say Hinata's thoughts were more than a bit delusional was an understatement. Ever since their awkward confession some time beforehand, he had been nothing but a nervous wreck around Kageyama and he hated it. He would stutter his words and blush like a

fool and even worse, was that the other boy appeared to be the exact opposite - his stupid, normally stoic self. While Hinata was running around making an idiot of himself, Kageyama was ever the same: composed and cool. Most of the time it was like the setter hadn't even told Hinata that he liked him - nothing he did was indicative of a change in their relationship, and Hinata wouldn't be caught dead casually bringing up such a topic with him.

Truth be told, all Hinata wanted was some kind of affection or proof that he hadn't imagined that entire admittance, and he would be damned if someone tried to tell him that his thoughts were unrealistic. At the very least, he could \_imagine\_ the highly unlikely possibility of Kageyama joyfully hugging him and thanking him for the present. At that point, his imagination was all he had to entertain himself when concerning Kageyama - it's not like the setter was actually going to do any of it in real life, he reluctantly acknowledged.

Thus, his rather outrageously unlikely thoughts weren't about to cease any time soon.

His preoccupation with unrealistic scenarios hadn't been a problem up until the moment he unconsciously watched a girl in his class give a boy a neatly wrapped box and it occurred to him that \_ohgoditwasthetwentiethalreadyandhehadn'tactuallygottenanythingyet.\_ He had been too caught up in how it would happen to think about the gift in general and after that realization, all happy thoughts changed into despairing ones. He was freaking out - what was he supposed to do now? How the hell was he supposed to create an ideal situation between the two if he didn't have anything to trigger it? How could he be so clueless? Immediately, it was as if all his embarrassingly cheesy expectations had evaporated from possible existence and the way his heart deflated \_hurt\_. He wanted to see Kageyama happy, he wanted him to know just how strongly he felt about himâ€|

It was too late to find a way to subtly ask for gift ideas from the setter - not that Kageyama would be of any help, considering all he had been doing lately was avoiding him - and try as he might, Hinata was left at a loss when coming up with any sort of possibility. It couldn't be just \_anything\_, but at this point it was nothing.

He didn't really know much about Kageyama's interests outside of, wellâ€| \_volleyball\_. He knew that wasn't all there was to the boy, but it was the only thing he could really associate him with when he thought of him. Kageyama always talked enthusiastically about the sport, was always practicingâ€| any way Hinata thought about it, Kageyama was obsessed with volleyball.

As he considered his options, one particularly easy one entered Hinata's mind but he continually brushed it away. It would be almost idiotic to get him one of \_those\_â€| he didn't \_need\_ oneâ€| he probably had a hundred of them lying around that he could useâ€| But as Hinata swallowed, he knew he didn't have much of choice when it came down to it anymore. The reality of it was that he had blissfully wasted his time and now he had to rush if he wanted any chance to salvage his original plans.

With a shaky sigh, the redhead reluctantly accepted the situation at hand, and made a mental note to visit a certain store on his way home

from school.

~P~

He was stupid. So completely foolish and dumbâ€¦

Kageyama looked around the streets surrounding him and sighed when he found that no one was nearby, before shoving his hands in his pockets and staring at the store in front of him, silently debating whether or not he should go inside. He'd already been putting it off for the past weekâ€¦

He wasn't quite sure if he was referring to himself or Hinata when he thought those particular thoughts, but he supposed both of them were applicable. Did the dumbass really not think Kageyama could see the way he was blushing when he was next to him? Or that he didn't notice how skewed his sentences would become when he was speaking to him? Did Hinata really not realize just how he acted around him? Kageyama knew that other boy probably thought he was being subtle, but the fact of the matter is that every moment he spent around him just made it all the more painfully obvious what they felt towards each other.

It was a problem, but Kageyama also knew that his lack of reciprocation was one, too. Whereas Hinata was embarrassingly endearing with how obvious he was, Kageyama was instead infuriatingly irritating with how completely oblivious he acted.

He had confessed that day alongside Hinata, however begrudgingly. Those words - "I like you, too, you duâ€¦ H-Hinata." - had very much so passed through his lips, but how he presented himself around their receiver afterwards did not portray it. Since the day it had happened, he functioned in a mindset formed around acting as clueless as he had been prior to the confession.

It was difficult, but not impossible, to repress the swelling in his chest when he saw that bright face of Hinata's each day. It took a little extra work, but he was able to put a frown on when the redheaded boy bounded up to him to request to practice for just a bit longer. He swore his face didn't go \_that \_red when Hinata's hand would somehow brush against his.

It was partly a pride thing, but he didn't want to admit it. Just seeing how Hinata was around him was enough to bruise his ego - he couldn't even begin to consider how it would suffer if he was as apparent as the middle blocker in how he presented his feelings. One little slip up and Tsukishima wouldn't let him live it down until the day they graduatedâ€¦

It wasn't as if he enjoyed turning Hinata down or watching how his face would fall when he told him to go away - he didn't like treating him like a pest when he wanted nothing more than be able to openly express himself. It was justâ€¦ hard.

He wasn't a naturally expressive person like Hinata. He was less colourful and loud - prone to being quiet and observing rather than in one's face. Just confessing that one day had been incredibly difficult for him - somehow he had pulled together enough courage, knocked down enough of his pride to admit how he felt, but he had spent every day since trying to recover from the toll it had taken on

him emotionally. Saying and proving something so personal and important was not as easy for Kageyama as for Hinata, though he wished it could be. He hoped that one day - and one day soon, before permanent damage was done to their relationship - he could openly apologize for ignoring Hinata.

With another sigh, he took a step towards the store's entrance and decided right there and then that he was going to do it. He couldn't keep postponing doing anything or else he would end up losing whatever chance he originally had. It wasn't going to be easy for him, couldn't be done and over with quickly, but Kageyama knew better than anyone that it was things worth working for that ultimately mattered the most.

With that in mind, he felt an odd encouragement finally propel him into the store with the smallest of genuine smiles gracing his features.

~ P~

He did it.

He couldn't believe he actually freaking did it.

Hinata hadn't felt like this much of an idiot since the day he had told Kageyama he liked him - and he was still trying to live that moment down with little success. He stared down at the box in his hands and he felt nothing but negative thoughts fill his mind.

It was too badly-wrapped; Kageyama would hate that - why, oh, why did he let Natsu help with it? What if he didn't like the colour? Honestly, Hinata couldn't believe he had matched it to the setter's; how embarrassing could he possibly be? He was absolutely certain that Kageyama wouldn't like it. He was also sure that if he turned and fled now, that he would be able to save what little face he had left before being rejected.

Running away was tempting, but with a deep breath he decided against it. No. He had already come this far - he had worried and fretted endlessly over the entire situation, had somehow managed to convince himself to actually buy the dumb thing, had momentarily gathered enough courage to stand there and wait for the boy; no. He had to stay and see this through or he wasn't sure he would ever be able to properly confront the setter again about how he felt.

When Kageyama exited the school, grumbling about the object in his arms, the last thing he expected to see when he turned the corner was Hinata babbling to himself unintelligibly. He nearly backed up and walked off before he was noticed, but was just barely held in place by the previous resolve he had set himself to.

Don't run away, don't run away.

He was silent for a few moments before calling out to the other boy. "Hinata." He hoped the box at his side wasn't too noticeable. "What are you doing here?" Not that he wasn't relieved to see him - he was going to go and look for him anyway - but he couldn't help but find it a bit odd that the redhead was conveniently right there when he wanted him to be.

Hinata froze in place at the sound of Kageyama's voice, and whatever attempt he had been making to keep his composure flew out the window. "K-Kageyama!" Instantaneously, the gift was shoved behind his back and out of view to the other boy. "Iâ€¦ I, uh, w-was just passing by when I remembered you were still here and Iâ€¦ I don't know, I figured we could walk to-together or something?"

One quick look at Kageyama's quirked eyebrow and standard frown delivered the final blow to what little of Hinata's courage remained - why would Kageyama waste what free time he had with him, of all people? It was in that one moment that Hinata's fears were confirmed - that that confession he had received a month prior was nothing but meaningless. Kageyama didn't want anything to do with him, after all.

Turning away and nervously ruffling a hand through his hair, Hinata felt utterly defeated as he spoke again. Why had he ever thought this was a good ideaâ€¦ "U-uh, actually, you know, you don't have to. In fact, forget I-"

"â€¦Sure." Hinata was cut off by Kageyama's response, and when he finally realized what the setter had said it took all he had not to gape at him.

"Wha?"

Kageyama's frown became more pronounced, and turning to the school's exit, he said, "I said okay. Let's get going, then." He made sure to place the box he was holding at a specific angle so as to not catch the redhead's attention. Not yetâ€¦

Hinata tried to contain the eagerness that bubbled up inside of him as he clambered up to Kageyama's side, hiding the present in his arms to the best of his ability, but it proved too difficult and he felt a smile tug at his lips. When Kageyama peered down at him, he caught Hinata's excited expression and warmth flooded his cheeks, forcing him to turn away suddenly lest he be caught by the source of his affections. He cursed his vulnerability towards Hinata, but there wasn't much he could do to help it either.

There was nothing but strained silence between the two as they walked along the snow-lined road, with Kageyama trying to work up the nerve to speak again and Hinata failing to convince himself to present the setter with his last second gift. All he wanted to do was throw the box in the nearest garbage can, but even if he did that he wouldn't be able to get out of the situation without explaining why he did so in the first place.

There wasn't any going back at this point - he had to do it now; had to at least get it over with if he wanted to be able to look at himself in the mirror the following morning. If he did this, he could at least say he put up a valiant attempt to convey how he felt when words could not lend him their help.

Hinata couldn't think of any other way to give Kageyama the present than quickly shoving it at him and hoping he would receive it well, if at all. The second that the object made rather rough contact with Kageyama's chest, he blinked, bewildered, between it and Hinata, thoroughly confused by what had just happened.

He was about to open his mouth to question Hinata, but was interrupted by the other boy spitting out, "Happy belated birthday and dear Christmas Kageyama!"

All he could do was stare with wide eyes and an increasingly reddening face, thoroughly flabbergasted. "What the hell?" When Hinata simply responded by giving the box another insistent push against his chest, Kageyama set his own to the side and held the one in front of him, inspecting its odd wrapping job while trying to calm how rapidly his heart was beating so suddenly.

The scene was quiet for a few painfully long moments, in which Kageyama attempted to make sense of the situation and Hinata was nearly vibrating with thinly-veiled anxiety. Every few seconds Hinata would blink up at Kageyama and then look away immediately, hoping that he would get the hint so he could finally stop wanting a hole to swallow him up. When it didn't seem as though he was catching on, he sighed and whispered, "Open it already!"

At that, slowly but surely Kageyama tore apart the paper and was even further surprised by the contents within, his heart plummeting into his stomach at what he saw. Removing the object from the box, he gave Hinata a strange look that the shorter boy couldn't immediately decipher, and it made his stomach twist.

"A volleyball. You got me a volleyball?"

When Kageyama spoke several seconds later, Hinata expected to hear a harsh, reprimanding tone, but instead his voice was uncharacteristically quieter, filled with confusion and disbelief but not in the least bit accusing. Squeezing his eyes shut, Hinata kicked at the snow around his feet and scowled. He knew he wouldn't like it. "I-I'm sorry, it's stupid. I wanted to... I don't know, get you something, but all I could think of was a dumb volleyball. I know, I know, you probably already have ten other ones lying around at home so you can get rid of it. It's not a big deal."

If Hinata had been legitimately trying to sound like he didn't care, he hadn't done a very good job of it. Kageyama's eyebrows furrowed at the middle blocker's words, and his grip tightened on the ball in his hand. Outwardly, he looked no different than he normally did, but internally his composure had quickly taken a dive. The swelling in his chest was almost painful, and the intensity of the beat of his heart sounding in his ear showed no signs of slowing despite what he wanted. He didn't get it; he didn't understand.

"Why?"

Kageyama hoped he imagined the way his voice shook as he spoke. It was Hinata's turn to give him an odd look then - instead of being lectured or yelled at, he was being asked "why"? Kageyama took a deep breath to calm himself before he spoke again, slow and careful with his words. "Why? why did you get me this?"

Kageyama honestly hadn't a clue as to why Hinata had given him anything at all. He didn't deserve anything, least of all from the middle blocker. After how he had treated him - ignored him, rejected him, pretended like nothing had ever happened - the last thing that Kageyama deserved was a gift from the boy he liked.

So why? Why was Hinata not angry at the unfair treatment he had received? Why had he, instead, given a present to the person who had acted so badly towards him, like nothing was different between them? Getting the gift had sent Kageyama's emotions into disarray - a part of him was ridiculously and unspeakably happy about being thought of at all, but another hated that Hinata could be so infuriatingly \_Hinata \_after he, himself, had been such an ass to him. He should be madâ€¦ he wanted him to be madâ€¦ he wanted to get yelled at for how he had been and receive the same treatment right back like, and yet Hinata was anything but angry and it utterly confused Kageyama.

The question caused Hinata's cheeks to flood with warmth, and he evaded his gaze from Kageyama's while stuttering out an attempt at an answer. "Iâ€¦ I, uh, well, you know, I got it for you because, um-" Hinata knew perfectly well what he wanted to say, why he had really gotten it in the first place, but his nervousness didn't allow for his tongue to form the words. If he said it again and Kageyama reacted by even further distancing himself, Hinata wasn't quite sure what he would do - he couldn't take being outright ignored for much longer.

But Hinata knew, at the same time, that if he didn't say anything, that if he made an excuse and ran off now, that his chance at turning their entire situation around would be gone and so would any courage he had left to face the setter. Either he uttered his reason now, or there would be no opportunity for the positive change that he wanted, had imagined over and over again. He really had nothing to lose, at this point - either he just continued to be ignored, or miraculously things would turn for the better.

Either way, he had to try. He always had to try.

"I got you it becauseâ€¦ well, I-I like you, Kageyama. When you care about someone, you're supposed to get them things, right?"

To hear those words all over again sent Kageyama's heart into a frenzy, though he tried his best to keep a neutral expression. He squeezed the ball in palms, and inhaled shakily, all the while trying to find something to say back. "I-I supposeâ€¦"

"Again, I'm sorry that it's such an awful gift, though," Hinata chuckled half-heartedly, his eyes dull. "Like I said, you already have a lot of them, don't you? Soâ€¦ don't feel the need to keep it, just because it was a gift or anything. I justâ€¦ wanted to show you that you're, well- never mind. You can just give it away or something."

"No. "

Hinata's head shot up at the single word, and Kageyama looked away and swallowed before talking again. "Y-you gave this to me. I'm keeping it because-" He didn't want to say it - that immaturely prideful part of him was screaming at him not to - but it had to be known, or he would have gone through all of this for nothingâ€¦ "-it's important to meâ€¦" A long pause followed before he continued, voice soft and quiet and honest. "â€¦\_You're\_ important to me, Hinata."

And just like that, it was like a switch was flipped in Hinata. Kageyama's words entered his ears, and his eyes lit up, his chest

swelled and his face flushed, and unlike before, he did nothing to try to contain himself. He was damned happy, and he wasn't about to keep it in. One flicker of his eyes to see Hinata's expression and Kageyama's felt a similar flaming in his cheeks, and he immediately turned away and bit his lip. At that point, his pride had completely evaporated before him, but he really didn't care if it meant he got to see Hinata smiling like he was in that moment.

A part of Kageyama felt lighter as he peered down at the volleyball he was holding, and he felt the smallest of smiles form on his features as he spoke, finding it easier than ever before. "I've got other volleyballs, sureâ€¦ but they aren't this one. So don't go saying things like that so casually, you dumbass."

The setter's tone was anything but harsh like it usually was when it delivered his trademark nickname for Hinata, and the shorter boy felt his heart skip a beat in a way he would never openly admit. Kageyama was silent for a few seconds before finally murmuring, "Tâ€¦thanks."

"N-no problem," Hinata replied, hand running through his hair with a shy grin playing on his lips. At this, Kageyama bent down to place the volleyball back in its box, only for Hinata's eyes to follow and land on a similarly shaped square next to it. Quirking an eyebrow, Hinata nodded at it. "Hey, what's that there next to you, Kageyama?"

If was a perfectly innocent question, but that was all it took for Kageyama to go frozen, having completely forgotten about his gift in the process of receiving one himself. A wicked blush grew on his face as he bent down and retrieved the box, movements slow and wooden. "T-this?" Hinata simply nodded again. "It's, uh-" Kageyama cursed himself - hadn't he already suffered enough today? Did he really need to embarrass himself that much further? Granted, he hadn't originally planned to go through the whole getting-a-gift thing to begin with, but stillâ€¦ couldn't he wait a day or two and get something different orâ€¦?

With a long, loud sigh, he decided against coming up with a thin excuse and instead held the box out in front of him, a reluctant scowl accompanying his glowing cheeks as he looked away, unable to meet the other boy's gaze. He couldn't believe he was voluntarily doing this to himselfâ€¦ that this was even happening to him. How had they both gotten- "I-it's for you. It's basically Christmas already, so take it!"

Hinata's reaction mirrored Kageyama's from just minutes beforehand. His eyes widening, he pointed at the box, his expression incredulous. "Me? You got me a present? Seriously?" He wanted to both tease and hug the setter in that moment, but instead settled for simply a goofy smile.

Kageyama felt himself growing more and more frustrated the longer he held the box out, and he almost chucked the box at the redhead. "Yes, you idiot! Now take the damn thing before I change my mind!"

Hinata did as he was told, and it didn't take another command to get him to instantly rip away the plain paper surrounding it. Kageyama might have found his enthusiasm cute if it weren't for the fact his nerves weren't standing on end and distracting him completely. The



second Hinata began to lift the top off of it, Kageyama's eyes glued themselves to the ground and refused to look up. Oh, God, here it cameâ€¦

"â€¦Are you serious?"

His frown intensified. Yes, yes, yes-

"Did you \_actually\_â€¦?"

Kageyama waited with baited breath for the laughing to begin, but it never came. Head shooting up, he found that same, ever-genuine smile gracing Hinata's features as he turned the ball over and around in his hands, looking at it closely. "Uwah, it's so nice and new~! I can't wait to try a quick with this!" Smile growing, he looked up at Kageyama and stepped closer to him. "Thank you! I love it!"

Kageyama swore he felt his heart palpitateâ€¦ this was too much for him to handle all in one day. Coughing into one of his hands, he placed the other on Hinata's shoulder and pushed him away slightly - he was so close the setter could barely think. "Y-you're welcome. And-" He swallowed, "I'm sorry for how I've been this past month. It's just beenâ€¦ weird for me. I know that this won't exactly make up for how I've acted butâ€¦ I-I hope it's a start."

Hinata shook his head at that, a fond look in his eyes as he peered at the ball, and Kageyama stiffened. "I'm not mad," the redhead said, "okay, I \_was\_ annoyedâ€¦ but not anymore. Things areâ€¦ different now." He paused for a second before his eyes flickered up to Kageyama's, an uncomfortable uncertainty forming in the pit of his stomach as he asked, "They are, right?"

Kageyama was caught off guard by the question and the intensity of Hinata's eyes, but as he considered it, he nodded slowly. "Right." He supposed things were - everything that had happened in that sudden moment had led to something of a new start for the two, one that he was grateful for. This time he would do things properly.

They were silent at this, but unlike before it was not awkward or strained, but instead comfortable for the both of them. It wasn't until Kageyama reluctantly suggested they get going as it was getting late that Hinata stopped looking at his new volleyball, chest aching in the happiest of ways each time he laid eyes on it. After replacing in its box and waiting for Kageyama to grab his, the pair continued down the snowy road, still quiet as they enjoyed each other's presence.

Kageyama didn't protest, when a few minutes later, he felt the shorter boy's fingertips brush against his. He wasn't quite sure whether they had naturally gotten as close as they currently were, or if Hinata or himself had intentionally drawn closer together, but he wasn't against it in the least. He felt his face heat up for the umpteenth time that night as he reached out and connected their hands, making sure to give Hinata's a squeeze once their fingers intertwined. Kageyama wasn't good with words, but for now, this would do.

Hinata squeaked at the contact, before staring up at Kageyama and trying to search his turned face. When he realized the setter wasn't going to allow him to look directly at him - that he was too

embarrassed (but wouldn't admit it, not with all the prodding in the world) - he smiled and turned to face ahead again, content to leave the situation be.

Honestly, how the night had turned out was completely unlike Hinata realistically thought it would. But as he was, right then, with Kageyama, he couldn't help but admit that this outcome was much better than anything he'd previously imagined.

~P~

"Hey, Kageyama"

"What?"

"You know, it's kind of funny that we both got each other volleyballs, huh? What are the chances of that? Actually, now that I think about it, I can't believe you actually-"

"Shut up, dumbass!"

And here Kageyama truly thought Hinata hadn't ended up noticing

End  
file.